Professor of Anthropology in the School of Business at the University of Chicago. He has previously taught at the University of California, Los Angeles, and at the University of Washington, Seattle. He has been Research Associate at the Center for Economic Development and Culture Change at the University of Chicago. His research in the community of Cantel, Guatemala, was done under an SSRC fellowship; he has subsequently engaged in research in Chiapas, Mexico.

DAVID L. OLMSTED received his doctorate in the field of linguistics (Cornell, 1950), and has been Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the University of California, Davis, since 1954. Prior to that he was Instructor in Anthropology at Northwestern, a Fellow in Behavioral Sciences at Yale, and Assistant Professor of Linguistics at the same institution. He currently holds a Social Science Research Council Faculty Research Fellowship and has done field work in Cuba (1952) and among the Achomawi-Atsugewi (various dates). He is the co-author of *Behavior Theory and Social Science*, Yale, 1955.

JOHN COLLIER has had a long career as a professional photographer and currently holds a Guggenheim Fellowship to aid him in preparing a book on photography for anthropology, of which it is anticipated the present article will form a part. His use of photography to document cultural behavior began with a study of sheep raising in Atarque, New Mexico, in 1938. Subsequently, he was for three years on the photographic staff of the Farm Security Administration and later with the Office of War Administration. He has done photographic work on Arctic oil operations, on the economic and geographic environment of Colombia, on the supervised credit program in Venezuela, and has been Research Assistant at Cornell University for the Stirling County Study (1950–52) and for the Fruitland Project (1952–54). He has received a Wenner-Gren Foundation Grant and a Carnegie Corporation of New York Grant, has published a number of articles, and is the co-author with Dr. Aníbal Buitrón of *The Awakening Valley*.

Two members of the Editorial Council of the American Anthropological Association have collaborated in getting data on financing publication in the various fields of anthropology, a recurrent problem for editors of scholarly journals. THOMAS A. SEBEOK received his doctor's degree from Princeton (1945) in Oriental Languages and Civilization. He is Associate Professor of Linguistics at Indiana University where he has taught since 1943, and is Chairman of the Indiana University Research Center in Anthropology, Folklore and Linguistics. He has been President of the Central States Anthropological Society and is Editor of the *Journal of American Folklore*. ERMINIE WHEELER-VOEGELIN (Yale, 1939) is Professor of History and Director of the Great Lakes-Ohio Valley Research Project at Indiana University. She is the author of numerous articles and monographs, but most pertinent to the current work is her "Anthropology in American Universities" which was published in this journal in 1950, and her contribution to the *International Directory of Anthropological Institutions* which was published by the Wenner-Gren Foundation in 1953. Indiana University subsidized this collaborative effort.

W. G.

Disputing in Tangu

KENELM O. L. BURRIDGE
College of Arts and Sciences, Baghdad

TANGU[1] live in hilly terrain some fifteen miles inland from Bogia Bay on the north coast of New Guinea in the Madang District. Composing in all some two thousand people distributed through about thirty settlements of varying sizes, and grouped into four named neighborhoods, they are hunters, gatherers, and gardeners whose known history has been characterized in the last fifty years by upheaval and instability. An epidemic plague or, as Tangu view the event, a particularly violent and uncontrolled increase in sorcery, helped to set in motion, at the turn of the century, a series of local migrations combined with much internecine fighting which broke down the former large communities. The larger kin and local residential units—which were also jural groups and landholding units—fragmented into households and, extensive tracts of unsettled land then being available, segments of varying size and composition scattered and resettled themselves over a relatively wide area. Soon afterward the first Europeans came to the region. Over the next thirty years Tangu were gradually brought under control: peace was enforced, labor recruiting became ordered, a mission station was established, and native administrative representatives were appointed. However, the population remained dispersed—indeed, additional settlements were founded. When, after the Japanese war, Tangu were persuaded to concentrate into larger aggregations, it was not long before families began to return to their old homes in the bush. During daylight the settlements are deserted. Families are out in the surrounding countryside in their hunting lodges, tending their gardens, or visiting friends or kinfolk. Only at dusk, on festive occasions, or when some community task is afoot is any substantial proportion of a settlement present. Tangu say, "There is always trouble and quarreling in large villages or when we gather together."

Within Tangu there are cultural diversities. Among individuals there is disagreement on the significance and implications of many situations, and where a consensus is found it often happens that nothing is done by way of enforcement. Lacking a permanent corporate jural group recruited from specified categories of genealogical kin, the strongest loyalties are to the household, the nuclear family, at the expense of the community as a whole. Yet, intermarriage between members of different settlements, communities, and neighborhoods is frequent, internal trading and exchange relationships are numerous and regularly maintained, and while participation in the political activity, *br'ngun'guni*, is theoretically open to outsiders, examination shows it to be virtually confined to those who call themselves Tangu. What primarily distinguishes Tangu from their neighbors and makes them a distinct unity is not a series of loyalties geared to levels of group organization, but their adherence to a few interrelated notions and activities.

Everywhere in Tangu the basic and definitive social and economic unit is the household; and households are in significant relationships with each other as they co-operate, exchange, or are *mngwotngwotiki*—an agreement by free and mutual consent neither to exchange nor to co-operate. The work done by the members of a household goes into subsistence, exchanges with other households, and feasting and dancing exchanges which take place regularly during the harvesting months between two principal but temporary co-operative groups to which the other households in the community attach themselves. The co-operative relationship implies that the husbands of the households concerned are brothers or that the wives are sisters, while the exchange or oppositional relationship connotes households, severally or grouped, where the wife of one is the sister of the husband of the other. That is, the households of married siblings of the same sex are in actual or potential co-operative relationships, and the households of married siblings of different sexes are in actual or potential exchange relationships. However, the kin categories are in large measure putative. Though the kin idiom is always used, and though the core of a feasting exchange may consist of men and women in the requisite categories of genealogical kinship, there always remain households which find themselves equivocally placed in the particular feasting series and which are persuaded into joining one or another group of households by influential men—managers.

Managers create alliances—make for themselves brothers—by persuasive oratory, cunning, and making good their claims to productive ability. Normally, in each community, alliances are forged at the beginning of each horticultural cycle so that the participating households form two approximately equivalent groups in a mutual exchange relationship. During such feasting exchanges, in the intervals between different phases of the dance, as food is placed before the exhausted dancers, men from either group of households make speeches. This is formal br'ngun'guni. The oratory is accompanied by staccato beats on the hand-drum, thwacking the buttocks, and, if a man is really excited, wild leaps into the air. Men boast of their prowess in the gardens and bush, comment on the dancing, and throw out disparaging hints as to the productive abilities of others. Some take the opportunity to remind the assembly that it is time to harvest the yams, cut new garden sites, or that work in the rice field is lagging behind. Others bring up their grievances whether they relate to hunting, fishing, gardening, administrative, mission, or kin matters, exchange obligations, or suspicions of sorcery. Visitors from other communities come to these feasts not only because they enjoy a party but because formal br'ngun'guni is the explicit occasion for submitting a cause or attempting to establish a claim. As the result of anger or an announcement or a complaint, however, br'ngun'guni may occur ad hoc, and though in the unexpectedness and heat of the moment many of the formal niceties may be omitted, the procedure, ends, and means are much the same. Managers are concerned with oratory, in the interplay of comment and discussion—in order to recruit allies, challenge other managers, and put to the test the abilities they believe themselves to

have; individuals mediate, soften the hard lines of parry and thrust; the community in general works to restore equilibrium.

The political maneuvering and the domestic and kinship activities which lead to a feasting exchange and br'ngun'guni, or which result from a br'ngun'guni undertaken ad hoc, are dominated by a few firmly held and interrelated axioms. Amity exists within its own moral right, explicitly governs all Tangu relationships, and characterizes the ideal equilibrium. Mutual relationships tend to shift toward some kind of overt conformity with amity. At the same time, amity is no vague and emotional goodwill: it is expressed in and depends on equivalence, a notion of moral equality between persons which must be continually reaffirmed and reiterated lest someone become dominant. The focal assertion of equivalence occurs in food exchanges at every level of organization, whether the exchange is completed within the space of a day, weeks, or months. All such exchanges must be equivalent. If they are not, expectations are disappointed and trouble results. Yet no food exchange can be precisely equivalent; and because resources are limited households are forced to establish a scale of priorities, necessarily disappointing some to satisfy others. Since, in these circumstances, there is always room to find fault, exchanges that are regarded as equivalent reflect a true moral equivalence—and when this happens they speak of the households as being mngwotngwotiki: they have achieved equivalence, and neither exchange nor co-operate. An exchange that is not regarded as precisely equivalent, or remains not fully honored for long, indicates a lack of moral equivalence. One or the other party is thought to be attempting to demonstrate a dominance. The one is suspected of trying to establish an overall dominance in virtue of what may be a simple physical competence, the other may be suspected of contempt, and either may be suspected of resorting to a technique to shroud the other in obloquy. The necessity for maintaining equivalence in this way, or for working toward a moral equivalence, results in a critical attitude which, together with disappointed expectations, may lead into expressions of anger and indignation.

Tangu have no noun to denote anger; it does not exist as an abstraction Men are angry with one another, not merely angry; it is a transitive verb. Anger kept in the heart leads to sorcery and means sickness or death for someone. Anger made public, normally by a rapid onomatopoeic drumming on a slit-gong, may lead into a complaint and thence into br'ngun'guni. An angry man is a dangerous man, and the signal on the slit-gong is both a warning to keep clear and an invitation to a close friend or kinsman to inquire what the matter might be. Whatever may lie behind a particular show of anger, whether it is expressed as an unsettling device or whether it actually derives from some substantial antecedent cause, it is almost always explicitly related to a misdemeanor over food and its production. A theft is denying food or tools to another, a trespass implies the intent to seize flesh, fish, or fruits from another; either renders the wronged person less able to maintain equivalence with others through food exchanges. The breach of the norm finds concrete expression in relation to food, and restitution demands further activities in relation to food:

anger indicates a breach of equivalence, and normally predicates a series of feasting exchanges in which br'ngun'guni will occur and through which public equivalence may be re-established.

Either formally, or by precipitating br'ngun'guni by an expression of anger when the opportunity allows, managers attempt to secure and define co-operative alliances. Since they may not dominate but have to maintain equivalence with all in the community, managers must control themselves and challenge men of roughly equivalent abilities and resources. To challenge a small man would be fruitless: if equivalence is adhered to, no evidence of productive ability emerges; if equivalence is breached, the offender becomes the target for mystical attack which—even if the manager himself is oblivious—results in the defection of allies. Ideally, the successful manager is one who, in spite of great productive ability, is able to maintain equivalence and can resist the temptation to dominate. One br'ngun'guni is the springboard for another: each subtly confirms or refutes existing alliances and mutual interrelationships, the latter tending to shift so that amity can find expression in its most conventional forms. Formally, br'ngun'guni is a deliberative device which provides implicit authority for a series of activities; it is a mechanism for initiating, continuing, containing, or resolving disputes, and it is a vehicle for political management. Br'ngun'guni does not, and cannot, make any defined and explicit reallocations of claims to exercise rights.

* * *

The following summaries of four disputes are presented as illustrations of the principles outlined above.

1. One afternoon two teams of brothers were building houses for their sisters, Juatak, wife of Kwaling, and Nuongweram, Turai's wife and Kwaling's half-sister. Kwaling and Juatak were distributing food to the latter's brothers, and Nuongweram's brothers were working. The atmosphere was one of quiet and cheerful industry as men and women went about their tasks, smoked, talked, or chewed betel nut. Presently, Meakriz, the Luluai,[2] was approached by Igamas, his natural son, and Bunjerai, his adopted son. There was a short whispered conversation, and all three ran off into the bush.

The incident created a small stir. People thought a pig had been trapped, and expectations were aroused.

Sure enough, half an hour later the cries of a party returning with a pig were heard. There was a short pause and then, from a group of homesteads separated from the main settlement, the beaten rhythm of a slit-gong announced the trapping of a pig and to whom it was going to be given.

Mureg, who is a sister to Meakriz and his half-brother Reamai, and who, since Meakriz is a widower, normally cooks for him and his sons, was disappointed. She said in a loud voice to her husband, Nuok, "What is this? Why does he not bring the pig down here, carve it under my porch and give it to me to distribute? Why is he giving it to Bwatam? I cook for him every day."

Nuok, friend[3] of Kwaling and brother to Juatak, stepped out onto the dancing space to support his wife. "Why was the pig going to Bwatam? Why not to Mureg who cooked for Meakriz daily? Gasai, Nuongweram's brother, had killed a pig the day before and had given it to Nuongweram to distribute to the brothers building her house. It was appropriate that Meakriz and Reamai should give their pig to their sister Mureg to divide between the brothers building Juatak's house. Were not Kwaling, Meakriz, and Reamai brothers?"

Reamai, who had actually trapped the pig and who was annoyed that his choice should be questioned, came down from the upper portion of the village and confronted Nuok. "We will do what we like with our pig," he said. "We are giving it to our sister, Bwatam."

"Who cooks for Meakriz?" asked Nuok. "Bwatam?"

Reamai did not answer. He strode away angrily, asserting that the pig would be given to Bwatam. Nuok walked off in disgust.

Suddenly—perhaps Mureg had fired a parting shot—Reamai lost his temper. Turning on his heel he ran back to Mureg's house, forced his way in, and started to thrash her.

Mureg screamed. She was still screaming when Nuok, hurrying to the rescue, confronted Reamai emerging from his hut. Nuok stooped, picked up a clod of dried earth and flung it at Reamai. He missed.

Reamai sprang to the attack. Being smaller and frailer, Nuok fled. Reamai gave chase and grappled. Meakriz pounced on them both, trying to separate them. Reamai whooped, Nuok cried for help, and others rushed yelling to the scene.

Kwaling was among them, a heavy digging stick in his hands. Bounding into the melee with a whoop, he cracked Reamai across the head. Reamai staggered back, blood spurting from his temples and pouring down his chest. Nuok broke free. Gaiap, Juatak's full brother, supported Reamai and helped him out of harm's way. Kwaling retreated. Women scuttled around to the backs of their huts. The village was in uproar.

Br'ngun'guni commenced.

Why has brother struck brother? Both Kwaling and Reamai are managers. They are classificatory brothers who ought to be in an amicable co-operative relationship, but they have been quarreling since boyhood and they dislike each other intensely. Reamai is the younger of the two, boastful, hot tempered, and very proud of being the son of a famous father. He is an excellent gardener, hunter, and dancer. Nevertheless, he is jealous of Kwaling who is quiet, withdrawn, cool, well-known and respected far beyond the boundaries of Tangu. As Luluai of the village, Meakriz is responsible for keeping order, apprehending wrongdoers, and reporting misdemeanors to the administration. Because he is a widower with children, his sister Mureg has given him shelter, and has cooked for him and generally looked after him. She can reasonably expect generosity in return. However, Meakriz cannot find a new wife and he had been thinking of having his sons adopted by either Mureg or Bwatam on a more or less permanent basis. This means putting his potential as a food producer

at the disposal of either Bwatam or Mureg—a matter on which the two women had come to blows and which had resulted in Bwatam moving her house from the main part of the settlement to the outlying cluster of homesteads.

Even apart from the economic issue, the two women have little love for each other. Bwatam is an attractive creature well liked by the men of the community, and it is no secret that Meakriz expresses his affection for her by many small favors. Having eaten a meal cooked by Mureg, Meakriz is wont to stroll over to Bwatam's house and there enjoy his leisure with tobacco and betel nut. Mureg herself swings her hips to some effect and enjoys the reputation she has among men of being somebody else's mistress. Reamai, however, regards Mureg's reputation as a blot on his name; he has had words with her before, and he has beaten her. Quite recently he had embroiled himself over an alleged theft of areca nuts and, since the popular suspect stood to him as son, he had attempted to clinch matters by threatening to beat up anyone who continued to speak of his son as a thief.

Into this generally uneasy situation has come a stroke of good fortune—the capture of a pig. Meakriz and Reamai are burdened with a choice, and their decision has angered and disappointed Mureg. Nuok, her husband, has made a complaint, and the impending dispute is across the brother-sister link. Reamai was presented with a second choice, for he might have returned with dignity to his pig and carved it notwithstanding. Instead, angered, he chose to beat Mureg. In consequence Nuok was angry, the two men start fighting, and Meakriz, as Luluai, tries to separate them. Kwaling has the choice of helping Reamai who is his brother, or Nuok who is his friend, or, like Meakriz, he might have tried to make peace. He chose deliberately to strike Reamai. Gaiap, Juatak's full brother, has already taken the first step toward a return to amity. By ostensibly supporting Reamai and shielding him from Kwaling, and incidentally shielding Nuok from Reamai, he has shown that this need not be a matter involving all of Juatak's brothers. It is a personal issue.

Nevertheless, a number of expectations have been disappointed, several relationships have been thoroughly disturbed, equivalence has been breached, and there is no longer amity.

Shouting, leaping, whooping, beating their buttocks with the palms of their hands, Kwaling, Reamai, and Meakriz ran up and down the dancing space, sweating, furious, livid with anger; boasting, threatening, calling witness. Nuok made himself scarce. Kwaling had taken the quarrel out of his hands and made it his own.

The blood streaming down Reamai's body was prima facie evidence of a breach of amity. Meakriz, running, leaping, and thwacking his buttocks, said it was a deliberate assault and that he would take Kwaling to court at Bogia on the morrow.

Reamai passionately endorsed the proposal. Dizzy, eyes glazed, rubbing his hands in the blood, he demanded the court.

Kwaling countered. Reamai had beaten his sister, he said, and was in the act of assaulting Nuok when the blow was delivered. Should a man not go to the aid of his friend? His father and Reamai's father had been very close to each other. They had lived together in amity and co-operation, and their sons should behave in the same way. Right. Go to court. Tell the white men how they behaved—how a man of the village had beaten his sister, beat the husband who came to the rescue, and had threatened to beat others.

Meakriz withdrew, sitting down in silence.

Reamai and he, continued Kwaling, had been brought up together in Kimaimwenk. They were brothers. Was it necessary to fight?

Still dazed by the blow, Reamai stuck doggedly to court, rebutting the appeal to amity by stressing the deeper issues between them. Kwaling disliked him and had hit him on purpose from spite. He, Reamai, had left Kimaimwenk and settled on his own, all because of Kwaling. From there he had gone elsewhere, and it was Kwaling who had stopped him from settling in the village now. Court was the only way to settle it.

Kwaling continued to conjure moral or "ought to be" relationships, and by so doing he was looking ahead and placing himself in the stream of public opinion. He had taken advantage of the opportunity to give Reamai a knock and had everything to gain by returning to amity as quickly as possible. Reamai, on the other hand, was handicapped. He had suffered and wanted redress, yet it was not a fruitful course to pursue. If he was in earnest in calling for the court, and succeeded, it could only further postpone the eventual return to amity. If he was bluffing, and threatening to go to court is a stock maneuvering weapon, he was also invoking nontraditional values and procedures—a tactic in strong contrast to Kwaling who was referring the quarrel only to what was traditional, and who had also pointed out that the court might be equally severe about Mureg's bruises. Meakriz's withdrawal was a tacit admission that going to court was not a practical solution. By revealing the real relationship between himself and Kwaling, Reamai was deepening the rift and flying in the face of public opinion by making it so much the harder to return to amity. Kwaling withdrew from br'ngun'guni from time to time to have a smoke, a maneuver which highlighted Reamai's temperament and made it quite plain who was upset. Then other things came up.

Each accused the other of cheating in food exchanges. Each boasted of his own ability in producing food and accused the other of trying to steal the limelight when they had co-operated. Reamai called Mangai, his wife's brother. Mangai, an old manager, pointed to the blood, remonstrated with Kwaling, pleaded with Reamai not to make too much of it, and was emphatic that the affair should not go to court. Womak, a close friend of Kwaling, tried to pacify Reamai; what other way was there? Kusai, mother's brother to Kwaling and father to Reamai, scolded Kwaling, saying he ought to go into the deep bush and stay there awhile. Then, turning on Reamai, he entreated him to be more reasonable. Dimunk, called by Kwaling, remarked only that this was an affair between brothers. The matter of the adoption of Meakriz's sons was brought up, and the incident between Bwatam and Mureg was discussed. Previous

assaults by Reamai on Mureg were remembered, and the recent theft of betel and its consequences were thrown in as a makeweight. The air was clearing.

As the examples show, those who interjected remarks—and many did so whether they were asked or not—did not take sides. Explicitly supporting neither party, or blaming both, the remarks were designed to mollify anger, soothe hurt pride, and prepare the ground for re-establishing equivalence and amity. The specific issues which triggered the incident could not be considered as isolated acts, for each formed part of a complex of disappointments and grievances. At the same time, the focal issue in the br'ngun'guni is clearly the personal rivalry between Kwaling and Reamai, which has become a political rivalry. The principal disputants interacted with each other and also with the community, the former attempting to influence and to manage, the latter to mediate—a process which may be described as "mutual steering" to equivalence and amity. What is also evident is a "looking to consequences." From the moment he grasped his digging stick, Kwaling seems to have been looking several moves ahead, and Meakriz's behavior reveals the same concern for what the future might have in store. Juatak and Nuongweram had fled from the scene as soon as the fracas started. As far as the trapped pig was concerned, Nuok's complaint had ranged their brothers in opposition, and the presence of the sisters might have provided concrete mobilizing points. After it was all over Nuongweram said, "We went away because we might have had to say something which would have made more trouble." Gaiap, it will be remembered, had made the first move to limit the range of the dispute by ostensibly protecting Reamai from Nuok. Only Reamai seems to have been hopelessly entangled in himself.

The present explosion may be taken to have ended when Gaiap, with two coconuts, and Gasai, with a bunch of areca nuts, placed their offerings in the middle of the dancing space to be shared among both sets of brothers. And this attempt to demonstrate "no quarrel" as between the groups of brothers was echoed in the way the pig was eventually disposed of: it was shared between all those who turned up to work in the rice field the next day. That is, it came from Meakriz, the administrative representative, to all those who engaged in an administrative task, irrespective of kin affiliation or co-operative alliance. But the disposal of the pig that had triggered the events only marked the end of a phase. Reamai and Kwaling were committed to feasting each other and finding public equivalence through hard work and recruiting help. In the feasting exchanges more br'ngun'guni will occur. Meakriz shifted his residence to a site almost a mile distant from the larger settlement, and Bwatam and her husband went with him. Bwatam will look after Igamas and Bunjerai and Meakriz will work with Bwatam's husband in alliance with Reamai, who was left with the opportunity for making good his claims to respect and managerial ability: he has something to win. Kwaling, whose position before the incident had been fairly secure, was shaken. First, he is past his peak in physical energy and competence, and no amount of cunning or high reputation will offset his smaller production. Tangu prefer to be allied to plenty of yams

in the present than to yesterday's reputation. Second, he made Reamai look small. He was beginning to dominate, and "fence-sitters" went over to Reamai. Those who have been with Kwaling had their first apprehensions about the future, and in the days that followed Kwaling himself began to brood and think about sorcery. On the other hand, Reamai brightened and became cock-a-whoop.

2. Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the first dispute is the personality of Kwaling and what he represents. He was too good for his nearest rival, too cunning and too shrewd. He lost out because by being too good he was unable to maintain equivalence, and a fortnight later he exploded again.

Twambar, Kwaling's four-year-old son, was playing with Geengai's young sons, Kandidi and Manduz. They saw a piglet defecating and, as children will, decided to stone the animal for being thus ungracious. Kandidi struck hard and true, crushing the delicate skull. Death was almost instantaneous.

Geengai, the local jokester, cackled with mirth. "Oh, well hit, well hit!" he cried.

The owner of the pig, Luassi, Kwaling's aged mother, started to grieve, complain, and scold. Kwaling himself tucked his pipe into his armlet, leaped to his feet, and grasping a large hunk of firewood gave chase. Whooping loudly he hurled his log, hit Twambar in the back of the neck, and brought him down. Juatak hurried to the rescue and dragged the screaming child to a safe place. Br'ngu'guni commenced.

Whooping, yelling, leaping into the air, and thwacking his buttocks, Kwaling had everyone's attention. Children fled from the dancing space, women sought out their huts, and a few men who were stitching sago fronds into roofing strips continued their work with studied concentration.

Geengai made a few half-hearted runs and then retired to his hut. Kwaling wanted to know what Geengai was about. Did he want a fight? What then? Did he think he had a garden of worth? Did he want a feasting exchange? Ha!

Luassi intervened. This, she said, was a fuss about little. The pig was dead. Kandidi was only a child.

Gently but firmly, Kwaling hustled her off and returned to the dancing space. Meakriz, who was sitting nearby, rose to his feet, but he had barely opened his mouth when Kwaling let fly at him. The Luluai sat down in silence. Luassi came forward again, imploring her son to desist. Kwaling only took her by the shoulders and led her, protesting, back to her hut.

Geengai, who is an easy-going man with no pretensions to managerial ability, had seemed transfixed. However, at last he gave voice. He pointed out that the piglet deserved stoning: it should not foul the village. Everyone stoned piglets that defecated in the village; who could tell it would be killed? Besides, Kwaling ought to take more care of his pigs. Kwaling's pig had been into his garden, rooting and eating his yams.

"Come out of your hut!" Kwaling cried, livid and bouncing with rage. "Come out into the open!"

Geengai refused. He has a big enough garden, but as the village jester he is wont to laugh at the things others take seriously. He is not interested in prestige and influence; his metier is gossip, turning the phrase, mimicry, making fun of the pompous. He likes his joke.

"Ha!" With a last flourish and thwack of the buttocks, Kwaling sat down to relight his pipe. The village fell silent.

Seconds later, Geengai emerged from his hut, axe in hand. Walking deliberately, he went around to the back of his hut—to his coconuts.

Immediately there was uproar. Geengai's wife's brothers rushed down and pushed Geengai away from his coconuts. They argued, they placed themselves between Geengai and his coconuts, hugging the trees; gently, they relieved him of his axe. No, he must not cut down his coconuts.

Geengai said little. With a gesture of resignation he turned and went into his hut. In a few moments he emerged, spear on his shoulder, and, with Manduz following, he walked disdainfully out of the village.

Though the incident arose from the irresponsible act of a small boy who had not reached years of discretion, the critical choices cleared the way for a speedy return to amity. Kwaling had an interest in the piglet and there is no doubt he was angry over its death, yet he is in no kind of competitive relationship with Geengai. He struck Twambar, his own son, not Kandidi who had done the deed, and by so doing avoided a major issue with Kandidi's mother's brothers. Nor was the act an accident; it was done, as Kwaling afterward explained, specifically to avoid further entanglements. He was looking to consequences. The br'ngun'guni had to happen. The pig was dead, killed in public, and Geengai had laughed. Something had to be done. Nothing could bring the pig back to life but, especially in view of what had happened with Reamai, there had to be a retort.

Geengai refused to accommodate Kwaling. In his way a philosopher, and a Christian, Geengai had spent the last two weeks bringing out the funny side of the Reamai affair, and he had even succeeded in making it look ridiculous—a joke hardly appreciated by Kwaling. Yet, though Geengai refused to meet Kwaling on a ground of his own choice, he is so far locked in traditional values, that the reply he made referred to the ravages of Kwaling's pig in his garden; and his final act, an apparent attempt to sever his connection with the village by cutting his coconuts, shows that he felt keenly his inability or reluctance to maintain equivalence in the traditional way. In the eyes of his friends and relations he was failing quite miserably.

Nobody will ever know whether Geengai was bluffing or whether he really meant to cut his coconuts. He had more to lose than to gain by so doing, but points in his hand if someone would stop him: his wife's brothers could hardly have been more timely. Kwaling had dominated in br'ngun'guni, but this was because Geengai had refused to accept. If Geengai had wholly submitted, sympathy would have gone to Kwaling because Geengai's behavior

would have been thought contemptuous and therefore a deliberate breach of equivalence. Further, no one in the community would have failed to impute to Geengai a deliberate and malicious intent to get his own back by sorcery—a flagrant intent to do evil which would have made him very unpopular and an outlaw. If Geengai had succeeded in cutting his coconuts, the community would have fallen to pieces. Kwaling's reaction to the death of the pig was expectable and, in the circumstances, natural; Geengai ought to have engaged in br'ngun'guni. Yet no one would have had sympathy either for Geengai or for Kwaling had the coconuts fallen: Geengai should not have done it, nor should Kwaling have driven him to it. The whole village would have had to rearrange itself and most would have gone off into the bush to found new settlements. On the other hand, the evidence of intent served to equalize. Kwaling and Geengai went off into the bush and kept out of each other's way and three weeks later relations between them seemed to be quite normal. Geengai was as cheerful as ever, and Kwaling had recovered his confidence. They had finished equivalent.

3. It was thought in neighborhood M that a man of neighborhood B, who was a renowned and skillful hunter and who had been giving a series of feasts, had been taking his game from bush habitually used by a man of M. Private representations had been made to the people of B, but still the game was elusive. The conclusion in M was that the trespasser was continuing his mischief.

One night, at the start of a regular community feasting and dancing exchange in M, Ndori, the Luluai, who was leading the dance, became dissatisfied with some of his team who were blowing whistles. He halted the dance and asked his brothers to stop blowing their whistles. They nodded compliance and the dance continued.

A few minutes later, quite firmly, the whistlers piped up again.

Again, Ndori stopped the dance. It was his favorite dance, and he didn't want any whistling. Was that understood? Yes, it was. The dancers resumed their places in the line and the dance recommenced.

But the whistlers wanted to whistle. Gradually the soft little "peeps" grew into a chorus of shrill, fully-blown screams. Ndori was obviously under some strain; glowering, stamping too hard, and cracking his hand-drum in temper, he said nothing. Nearly everyone was whistling.

Suddenly, Ndori straightened. Tearing off his headdress of cockatoo plumes, he flung it to the ground, stamped it to pieces, and strode off to his hut.

The dance stopped. Nobody spoke. Seconds later the rapid tattoo on a slit-gong and the clatter of the wand being flung into the body of the instrument informed all within earshot that Ndori was very angry indeed.

After a hasty consultation the dancers decided that the mission boss-boy should go to Ndori and try to persuade him to rejoin the dance. But when he returned a few minutes later, he could only report complete failure. Ndori had shut himself in his hut, was very angry, and would speak to no one. "Let us

stop dancing," suggested the boss-boy. "If we go on it will make him angrier."

There was general opposition to this. Someone struck up on a hand-drum and the dancers resumed.

An hour later the boss-boy again repaired to the Luluai. He returned with the news that Ndori had gone to the stream to wash himself of paint. Speaking in formal br'ngun'guni, he exhorted all those present to abandon the dance. They refused. The boss-boy started to lobby individuals, pointing out that Ndori could use his office of Luluai to stop dancing for the year. He went again to see Ndori and spoke twice in formal br'ngun'guni, but to no effect. Someone always struck up on a drum and the dance continued.

A little after midnight Kavak, Tultul of B, who was attending the dance, rose to speak in formal br'ngun'guni. He was sorry, he said, very sorry indeed to see Ndori so angry. Why was Ndori so angry? There was nothing to be angry about. Perhaps it was the matter of—but no! Allegations of trespass could be settled in amity, by talking. True, there had been a little wild talk, but it could never be seriously meant. True, the men of B were tired of being accused of trespassing and there were some loose and irresponsible people who had spoken of stopping the trade in cooking pots if the accusations went on in this way. But now? Now it was different. Ndori was angry, angry in a dance! Angry because he had seen a man of B—himself! Right! (Kavak thwacked his buttocks and leapt into the air.) They of B would let no cooking pots into M; they would smash them to make sure! Anger such as this over an unproven trespass!

Kavak did not get through his speech without interruption. It was pointed out that Ndori's anger had nothing to do with the trespass, nor was it a reply to the threat of an embargo on cooking pots. It had to do with the whistling.

"Whistling?" cried Kavak, "Bah!"

Many muttered expletives under their breath. Others shouted, "You are a good fellow—come again next week!" Or, "Speak up—I cannot hear." Or, "We like you. Let us get on with the dance!" Or, "Oh true, oh true!"—a phrase always carrying explicit agreement but importing overtones of scepticism or frank or aggressive disagreement. One man sitting next to the writer very gently exploded with wrath.

Kavak whipped around. "Never mind!" cried the man, "You're a good chap. You carry on!"

But the position was serious. No one in M could make a clay cooking pot; they had to get them from B. The threat of the embargo was a fair weapon to use in reply to the allegations of trespass, but failure to establish Ndori's anger as resulting from the threat—followed up by carrying out the threat—was answering a pinprick with a bombshell. M was to be without pots, and unless B could establish anger in M, Kavak, as representative of B, had overreached himself.

The following night there was a dance in B, and to it went several men of M including Ndori. The Luluai had recovered his poise, but nevertheless the men of B studiously avoided him during the feast. Toward dawn, however,

Wapai, Luluai of B, approached Ndori, offering betel and tobacco, and cautiously felt his way into a conversation. He joked, mentioning casually that there was no need for anger in this matter. He laughed with spirited gaiety. As tactfully, and quite as obstinately, Ndori refused to be drawn. In a few minutes Kavak joined them and contributed his quip. It was soon evident that he had abandoned his position of the previous night, and that his kinsmen in M had persuaded him that Ndori had been angry over the whistling and not over the threat to place an embargo on pots. Without taking sides, he became a mediator. He tried to show both Wapai—who, sincerely convinced or otherwise, would have liked the anger pinned to the trespass—and Ndori that it was an understandable mistake that Ndori's anger should have been connected with the trespass. Ndori said little.

Nor were they the only men talking. It had become recognized that although B was committed to stopping the trade in pots, the individuals concerned would like to recant without climbing down. If Ndori, or someone in M, would admit Ndori's anger to have been over the trespass all would have been clear sailing, but no one in M was willing to do this. Nevertheless, reconciliation had entered the decisive stage when it was agreed that B should come to dance in M. Throughout the interval between the feast in B and that to be held in M, there were meetings between private individuals. Kin links between the two neighborhoods facilitated the talks, but one factor stood out: how, in the circumstances, could one neighborhood reach equivalence with the other?

During the feast in M the men of B danced very well, but when food was placed before them there was no meat and the tubers were not so well cooked as they might have been. The men of B were highly indignant. One after the other they spoke in formal br'ngun'guni. Why was there no meat? What had they done? Were the men of M really this impossible? First there were allegations of trespass, then Ndori had been angry, and now there was no meat!

No one from M spoke a word. They gathered the empty food bowls in silence, and the dance petered to an end.

As soon as the dance was abandoned there was jubilation in both camps. "Now all the trouble is over," said a man of M. "We gave them no meat." A man of B said, "We shall have another feast. It is finished already but another feast will finish it properly." One insult had cancelled the other.

With the parties roughly equivalent there only remained a few niceties of wit to show how close to one-up equivalence can be. Two days after the feast in M the slit-gongs of B announced the concluding feast together with dance *Surai*. When he heard the slit-gongs the Tultul of M, who was to lead the dancers, at once let it be known in B that he had a sore toe and would be unable to dance Surai. There was much indignation in B, since the Tultul's refusal was good for all of M. It was noted, however, that the refusal had not come by slit-gong but by messengers. Those with kinsfolk in M took up their spears, girded their betel bags, and set off for M.

Meanwhile, the Tultul sat on the platform of his hut, legs spread wide so

that anyone who would might inspect his sore toe. "I do not like Surai," he confided in a whisper. "Besides, I do not have the proper regalia." It was also common knowledge in the neighborhood that the Tultul was an expert at *Dumari*.

As men from B began arriving in M to visit their kinsfolk, they passed by the Tultul. Some inspected the toe, clucking their sympathy, and went on their way. Others may have noted the Dumari plumes carelessly hung in the doorway. At any rate, a couple of hours later the slit-gongs rang out again from B. Surai was cancelled, and Dumari was on.

Dumari in B was a great occasion. The man of M who had first alleged a trespass went, and the alleged trespasser provided most of the food. All the speeches in br'ngun'guni were conciliatory; the quarrel, the "talk," was dead. Both neighborhoods appeared to have clean sheets before them. The atmosphere was gay, the food excellent and prodigious, the dancing superb.

Then Ndori made a speech in formal br'gnun'guni, the last to be made. He praised the food, soberly approving its quality and quantity, and he remarked on the skill, industry, and generosity that had gone into the preparation of such a feast. There had been some trouble, he said, the beat of his hand-drum beginning to quicken. There had been some talk, but now it was over. Ndori thwacked his buttocks for emphasis. He leaped into the air, bounding up and down the dancing space. Ha—what a feast! But let the men of B come to M! Let them come to show how they could dance! Let them come and see if they could eat all that M would provide!

A chorus of yells greeted this outburst. "Have you no shame? The talk is dead! There is no quarrel between us!"

Ndori sat down, gleeful and unchastened, and the hubbub died down.

With the dawn came the end of the dance. As men and women stole away to their huts or to their gardens to sleep, one or two remarked on the portent of Ndori's speech. Two months later men's ears were pricking as they reminded one another of what Ndori had said. For, though the two neighborhoods are separate entities, only fifteen minutes' walk lies between them, the kin links are many and strong, and both sides enjoy having reasons to entertain each other at feasts.

Ndori is a manager. He had failed to get his way with the whistling, but in his final speech in B he equalized personally and he also opened the door for another series of issues to be settled by interneighborhood feasting. His last speech is the peg on which future issues will be hung. Other managers, looking to consequences and susceptible to mediation, also tried to influence the course of events. The mission boss-boy, anxious because Ndori was angry and might stop dancing altogether, tried to have the first dance abandoned. Kavak used Ndori's anger to bring the bush dispute into the open, and to crystallize and justify what hitherto had only been rumored—an embargo on cooking pots. Later, knowing he had overreached himself, he was among the first to attempt to restore equivalence through mediation, particularly choosing Ndori who had become, as it were, the fulcrum of the dispute. Others, in other directions, were not slow to follow his example. Some managers in M felt that huge quantities of meat in the third dance, rather than no meat, was the proper response. Either would have neutralized the insult of placing an embargo on pots, but the scarcity of game forced them to select the cheaper way. Wapai, a manager, called for dance Surai. In B they were experts at Surai, well qualified to criticize others who attempted the dance. Knowing this, the Tultul of M, also a manager, maneuvered Wapai into cancelling Surai and substituting Dumari, thereby serving a political as well as a personal interest. Finally, although Ndori's anger was over the whistling, it started the train of events, was used to make other issues explicit, and was directly responsible for reopening further possibilities between the two neighorhoods.

4. The following provides a brief glance at Tangu in their relations with outsiders, and illustrates the basic theme of Tangu disputes: whither equivalence?

A dog belonging to a man of A, where they speak an unintelligible variant of the Tangu language, fell into a pig trap dug by a Tangu of neighborhood R. The dog died.

Grieved and angry at the loss of his dog, the stranger repaired to the hunting lodge of the owner of the trap and demanded compensation of one pound (£1). Saying he would consider the matter, the owner of the trap returned to his settlement, spread the news, and started an informal discussion. A co-villager, just returned from hunting, joined them. He said he had fallen in with some men from A and they had urged him to tell the others in R to forget about the demand for compensation. The men of A had no quarrel with the men of R.

One of those present said, "Pay the compensation and have done with it."

The latest arrival objected. "There is no quarrel. It is best to forget it."

"He was angry with me and demanded compensation," said the owner of the trap.

The argument continued.

Payment of one pound is a fair and recognized compensation for causing the death of a hunting dog, but who was responsible for the death? Surely the dog was trespassing? Surely the owner of the dog could not have been far behind and was also trespassing? The plain demand for compensation was a simple enough matter. It could be argued about and so mixed into other events that equivalence could be reached without actually making a payment. Withdrawing the demand after having made it makes the situation extremely complex. To pay or not to pay?

R could insist upon payment, but in so doing they would offend A where there are many notorious sorcerers much feared by Tangu. It is asking for trouble. Not to pay puts R at a decided disadvantage, for in any future contretemps men from A will say, "Remember how we let you off that compensation you owed us?" Even if the aggrieved party had not asked for compensation, the death of the dog would have become known and nobody in R could have imagined that the man was not angry about it. Failing the open expres-

sion of anger, the only reasonable construction would be that the owner of the dog was resorting to sorcery. So men of R would go to A and ask for the sorcery to cease. In A they would be suitably indignant, and counter accusations would be made. Other incidents would be remembered.

From the moment the man from A suffered his loss, some involvement of others was inevitable. Since it happened that the dog died in R, the affair could not but involve R in opposition to A. In the old days such an issue would have been resolved by armed demonstrations or warfare. Today, since warfare is forbidden and neither party can or will br'ngun'guni in the settlements of the other, the only way to settle issues between them is to steer clear, bicker intermittently, and resort to mystical attack.

* * *

The last dispute fairly describes the quality of relations between households, communities, and neighborhoods within Tangu. Disputes are frequent.[4] Households are not organized into permanent jural corporate groups, and co-operators one year may be in an exchange relationship the next. All issues are basically matters for consideration by the independent household, and expectations between households are only definable in terms of those claims—which themselves are vulnerable to challenge—that are actually being made good. The claims of individuals are put to work for the household, and in a crucial conflict the household itself splits and a new one comes into being. When anger, which is evidence of a conflict of claims, can be related to food and its production, the equilibrium is maintained between households through br'ngun'guni and the necessity to establish equivalence in order to return to amity. When Tangu become involved with the administration and its officers, as Reamai threatened in the first dispute, normally an explicit decision is made. Since such a decision must in some way detract from the total personality of one or the other party, it is a breach of equivalence and cannot predicate amity. So, though Tangu often threaten to go to court they rarely go through with it; they know that to do so will further delay the return to amity. If an issue goes to the administration and a decision is made, failing physical enforcement on the ground by policemen, Tangu proceed much as they would have done otherwise. They have feasting exchanges and br'ngun'guni. The administrative decision becomes a factor on the level of Ndori's anger or the Tultul's toe: it is used to work for equivalence. By resorting to the administration a second time, a return to amity is still further delayed; for in order to return to amity it is necessary to establish equivalence, and the latter is as much dependent on the co-operation of the whole community as on the mutual respect of the individuals concerned.

Br'ngun'guni is an activity designed not to make explicit decisions. It allows personal relationships to work themselves out in relation to the community. Brothers, such as Kwaling and Reamai, should ideally be in a co-operative relationship. But it so happens that, first, they are the two best food producers in the community and, second, there is a personal antagonism between them. In a co-operative relationship the discord becomes vicious and cannot conform to amity. In an exchange relationship, on the other hand, personal animosity becomes larded with mutual respect, which in turn lays the basis for equivalence. It may even be that Kwaling and Reamai will end up mngwotngwotiki—precisely equivalent. Finally, since Kwaling and Reamai are the two best producers, with whom can they exchange and at the same time maintain equivalence and a reputation for productive ability if they co-operate? What is personally apparently desirable also emerges as a structural necessity. Only by shifting from the co-operative to the exchange relationship can they work toward a personal equivalence. Other households will join with them, help them toward their personal equivalence, and also work out their own equivalences.

The techniques of br'ngun'guni appear to be consistent with the ends. Management is the dynamic element which keeps interrelationships shifting toward conformity with amity even though, since amity depends on equivalence, it may have to be done through expressions of anger. Managers rise and fall, gain adherents and lose them. They are not what they are by virtue of their positions within a network of kinfolk, but because of their competences—productive ability, shrewdness, and convincing oratory. Each br'ngun'guni subtly redefines the expectations contained within personal and interhousehold relationships. Anger is evidence of unsatisfactory relationships, of inequivalence, and on anger's expression the community seems to be on the point of disrupting—but the contrary happens. Individuals collect as an aggregation, disputants and others interact, and expectations become redefined. In terms of the interrelationships of individuals and households, br'ngun'guni changes the community. Mediation, whether as an interruption in br'ngun'guni or in the form of private conversations, lobbying, or carefully prepared small-talk, shades black into white and lays the foundation for re-establishing equivalence. Looking to consequences might, but does not, proceed from the idea of a precedent; it is a technique related to situations of choice, the inevitability of disappointed expectations, mutual participation and interdependencies, and the necessity to establish equivalence in order to have amity. The most common, generalized, and conventional technique is retiring to the bush so that an angry relationship is not sparked by personal contact into a series of incidents which may lead the persons concerned to a point of no return.

There is little doubt that as individuals managers are restrained by the fear of sorcery—mystical consequences. At the same time, so long as equivalence remains a firm value expressed in equivalent exchanges of foodstuffs, it is evident that no manager can possibly attain an outright dominance; sorcery acts in concert with, but independently of, the other factors involved. In the first dispute Meakriz, as Luluai, had to try to make peace. As Reamai's half-brother he came to his aid; as Luluai he demanded the court; and as Meakriz, the Luluai, a member of the community with a personal interest, he abandoned the idea. His behavior in the second dispute, where he might have

made an ass of himself by trying to be Luluai, as well as the behavior of Kwaling, Reamai, Ndori, Kavak, Wapai, and the Tultul of M, shows a close coincidence of personal interest, political ends, and structural forms.

When anger cannot be related to food and its production, br'ngun'guni cannot occur. In the old days an offense such as incest would have been dealt with on the level of the jural group through the club-house organization, which included secret societies of sorcerers. Today, lacking both, there exists no machinery for dealing with such crimes apart from bringing in the administration, which Tangu do not like to do. One heinous incest on record, involving father and daughter, revealed that at the time when the act first became public knowledge there was general and hearty disapproval, but it was only diffuse. The union had persisted for over a year and had come to be accepted as a fait accompli—a claim made good and maintained in the face of an opinion which could not grow "teeth." Less serious incests gain disapproval and, in effect, "Oh well, that is how it is these days," if the parties adhere to their union. Complaints of adultery may be expressed through, or worked into, a br'ngun'guni but again only on the level of the Tultul's toe. Adultery is a personal, nonpolitical issue; there are divorce, compensation in valuables, and sorcery. Equivalence can be found in more ways than one. In Tangu political power depends primarily on the production, exchange, and distribution of foodstuffs under equivalence, and these community issues br'ngun'guni deals with. It cannot cope with personal problems unless they are also politically relevant.

NOTES

[1] The names of persons involved in the disputes are fictitious. The word Tangu refers to both place and people; the context makes clear which is meant. Field research was carried out in 1952 while a Scholar with The Australian National University.

[2] Title of native administrative representative. A Tultul aids a Luluai.

[3] *Kwav:* a relationship entailing mutual aid. Cf. the author's "Friendship in Tangu"; *Oceania*, Vol. XXVII, No. 3, March 1957, pp. 177–89.

[4] One year with Tangu produced some twenty major disputes and many more minor ones.

Anthropology in England Early in the Present Century

WILSON D. WALLIS
Annhurst College

THE Editor of the AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST has asked me to record my impressions of anthropology and anthropologists in England early in the present century, suggesting that I "direct attention to the character of the intellectual ferment of the time, trying to recapture not only the personalities but the meaningful problems as they were seen during your student days."

I

I shall indicate for the latter part of the nineteenth century only certain interests and interpretations, associated primarily with outstanding personalities, which carried over as live issues into the present century.

The intimate influences came chiefly from British scholars but the periphery of influence was much wider, for scholarship had long been international. It is misleading to speak of "British" anthropology as though it were a breed apart. It was British in the sense that certain movements and personalities were in the British Isles, but intellectual ferments are bounded by neither geography nor politics. There was an acquaintance with American ethnographies, especially the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology; Lewis H. Morgan's work was well known and admired; and Boas' early investigations among Northwest Coast tribes was financed by the British Association for the Advancement of Science (often referred to by members as "the British ASS"). Early in the present century, Oxford University conferred on Boas an honorary D.Sc. I believe that Marius Barbeau is the only other anthropologist who has been similarly honored.

L'Année Sociologique was welcomed, as were other contributions from French sociologists. Graebner generally received a cold shoulder in professional circles, though G. Elliot Smith and Perry welcomed his views. *Anthropos* was read but the excesses of Pater Schmidt's primitive monotheism were viewed askance, even by Lang, who had found "higher gods" in the "lower cultures."

E. B. Tylor was no doubt the most highly honored by his contemporaries. In the volume of essays in Tylor's honor presented to him in 1907, on his seventy-fifth birthday, Lang refers to him as "the Father of Anthropology in English." Probably no anthropologist—using the term in its widest sense—would have begrudged him that honor. Tylor's was an unusual career. His education had ended with grammar school and he was employed in business by his father. His youthful trip to the New World, recounted in *Anahuac*, produced a book about as vapid and uninteresting as a travelogue could be; in 1865 papers he had written on various topics were collected in a volume; in 1871 the two-volume *Primitive Culture* appeared, and in 1881 his *Anthropology*. In 1883 Tylor was appointed Curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford; in 1884 he was made Reader in Anthropology and in 1896, Professor of